WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 46—VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1804. NO. 827.

IDDA OF TOKENBURG;

OR THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine)

[CONCLUDED.]

WHEN Clara had ended her narrative, Julia arose and contemplated the picture for a long time with serious thoughtfulness. She then abruptly said—"Good night, Clara!" and, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a sad and pensive air, retired to her chamber. She did not sleep, for the fate of Idda was continually before her eyes.

The next morning she again repaired to Ida's cell, and again contemplated the picture with eyes not so much expressive of pity as thoughtfully attentive.

"What are you thinking of, Julia?" asked Clara.

"And it was jealousy, then, which threw her down that feaful precipice."

"Into the dreadful cavern. Oh! you should see the cavern. The eye loses itself, and can find no bottom, when it it is viewed from the balcony from which he threw her down. Time has destroyed Tokenburg; but, in memory of Idda, preserved the window where the atrocious deed was perpetrated. When I was a novice I frequently resorted thither to indulge my melancholy, and pay the tribute of my tears to suffering innocence."

Julia wished to see the cavern, and the Abbess sent with her, as a guide, the son of the steward of the convent. As it was a hot day, Julia did not set out till the evening; and then, leaning on the arm of the young man, took her way through the valley to the ruins of Tokenburg. Her guide led her up the rocks by a narrow path overgrown with bushes; and the nearer she approached the remains of the castle, the more serious and pensive she became, her thoughts being employed on the observations and admonitions of her mother, and the jealousy of Grubenthal. When they at length arrived at the place the youth led her through the ruins to the window from which she could look into the dreadful cavern.

"This is the window," said he, "from which the countess was thrown down."

Julia approached the edge of the precipice, and her guide put his arm round her, that she might not fall when she looked down into the tremendous depth below. She started back, feeling her head begin to grow dizzy; and lost in a thousand thoughts of Idda and Grubenthal, she, as it were mechanically, for a moment, reclined her head on the shoulder of the young man and sighed. Her guide still held his arm round her; probably because he might fear she was unwell

At this moment a man started forward towards them from behind the ruins with rage flashing in his eyes. With a menacing voice he cried, out to the young man. "Who are you, fellow? The youth seeing his wild and threatening looks, and hearing him speak in such a furious tone of voice, supposed him to be a robber or assassin, and immediately left Julia, leaped over a part of the ruins, and fled among the rocks, with all the speed he could make, back to the convent.

It was not a robber, it was not an assassin, but Grubenthal. He had learned the hasty departure of Julia for the convent of Fischingen. Not long before he had an altercation with her on account of her talking with the gardener. She had forgiven him, indeed, but still when he left her he could discern a cloud upon her brow. She had now departed without giving him any intimation of her intended journey.

"Why should she act thus?" said he to himself. "Has she indeed no affection for me? Is she gone merely to avoid me?"

Thus did one idea after another torture his suspicious heart, till he became half-distracted with doubts of the love and fidelity of his Julia. His mother had formed a just opinion of him. In his early youth, he had served in the Swiss guard at Paris; and in that luxurious capital had conversed with so many licentious women, that he no longer believed any of the sex could be innocent.

His ill opinion of the disposition and character of women contributed, on the present occasion, to aggravate his fears and his uneasiness: "Whoever trusts to them," thought he to himself, "must expect to be deceived." He therefore set out privately for Fischingen, to watch the conduct of Julia, and took up his residence in a cottage in the vicinity of the convent. On the first day after his arrival he took his walks of observation about the convent, but without seeing Julia: on the next returning from a similar excursion, he saw, at a distance, a young lady of a tall genteel figure leaning on the arm of some youth. They passed out of the valley through the bushes on the other side. He was convinced it was Julia; it was her figure, her walk, her hair.

"But why is she in such a place at such a time, when the evening is coming on," thought he, with a suspicious shake of the head:—"with a man too, who, to judge by his appearance, is only of the common class?—what can this mean? Why did they leave the road, to go through the bushes where is no path? Why are they alone, thus in the dusk of the evening? Treacherous deceiver?—Am I not an ingregious dupe?"

The affair of the gardener now rushed into his head, and, as the youth wore a green coat, he began to suspect it was him. he hastened after Julia, and when he came nearer he could no longer doubt it was her, as he had obtained a side view of her face. She went with the youth through the pathless grass and bushes, and up a rising ground, to the ruins. He concealed himself, in violent agitation of mind, behind a part of the old castle wall, and saw the young man throw his arm round Julia, who at first seemed to shrink from his embrace; but afterwards—O madness! she reclined her lovely cheek upon his shoulder, and stood, as it were folded in his arms. He now rushed furiously forth from his hiding place, and the youth fled.

Julia was extremely terrified, but quickly recognized Grubenthal.

"At last, then," exclaimed the latter, frantic with jealousy and rage, "at last the veil which has so long blinded my eyes has fallen off; or will you still deny."

"You have terrified me greatly, Grubenthal! What do you mean?"

"Very right! What do I mean? Very right. I am a rude uncourteous lover, to come here with my passion to disturb so sweet an hour, and an asignation which perhaps cannot be speedily re-arranged!—Very right! What do I mean? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Grubenthal, you are very impertinent, and even insolent. This is intolerable! I command you not to say a word more on the subject: not one word more."

"Not a word! That is very fine; very fine, indeed. No, I am not so tame, that I can see things with my own eyes, and yet be silent. Or am I still to believe your syren song? Am I to believe that you and that fellow you had with you came here to pray? Only be so good as to tell me—to command me—what to believe.—What shall I believe?"

"Nothing sir; your insinuations are so base as well as ridiculous, that I should be ashamed to return any answer to them but my contempt."

"Contempt!—Am I then to be despised treated as rediculous, and despised?"

"It may come to that, sir, if you continue thus to render yourself contemptible."

"Who was that man, Julia? Let me have no falsehood, I advise you."

"Mr. Grubenthal, for the last time I command you not to waste another word on this subject, I will absolutely give you no answer."

"By Heavens! this is asking too much! Oh, what are women! Julia, I tell you, I advise you, I entreat you to answer me. I am no longer master of myself."

"That I perceive, sir; therefore let us go."

"You shall not stir from the place, though a yawning gulf should open to swallow us up. you shall not stir from the place. Who was the man I saw with you? I will have an answer by all that is dreadful, I will."

"But I will give you none," replied Julia with firmness.

"None? Shall I then be deceived, duped, and not suffered to inquire? Julia, answer me. Who was your companion? I am a man who will not."

"You are certainly not a man whom I can intrust with my honor and my peace."

"No, no: but you can intrust them to the fellow you came with to see the ruins?"

"Certainly; sooner than to you."

"Indeed! What further proof can I need to convince me that your heart is false, and that you have ever been a hypocrite? Julia, who was that man?"

"That you shall not know, Grubenthal; I am firmly resolved."

"I shall not know? Julia, I will know."

He seized her violently by the arm, and, with fiercely rolling eyes, looking first at her, and then into the fearful gulph on the brink of which they stood. "Julia," exclaimed he wildly, "how easily could I throw you down this dreadful precipice and myself after you? how near does my passion aproach to this phrenzy?"

Julia was terrified at the furious agitation in which she saw him, and answered—"Well, Grubenthal, you shall know his name: you shall know every thing: I will not conceal the minutest circumstance. But you shall then likewise hear me —What do you wish to know.

"Who was that man—the man who was with you?"

"The son of the steward of the convent"

"How long have you been acquainted with the fellow?"

"Since four o'clock this afternoon, when my aunt, the abbess of the convent, called the young man, and said to him—"Jacob, go with this lady and show her the ruins."—That moment our acquaintance commenced."

"Oh, I must know the truth!"

"You may ask my aunt, I can bring incontestable proof."

"Why did you come here; here; to this lonely place?"

"To see this place, where I now stand, and where, some hundreds of years since, the lord of the castle, a count of Tokenburg, in a fit of jealousy, threw his innocent wife down the dreadful precipice. The history is very instructive, Mr. Grubenthal, that I can assure you."

"You embraced the lad, probably because the history was so instructive?"

"Embraced him!—What do you mean?—The young man put his arm round me when I looked down, as was natural, that I might not fall. My head grew dizzy when I looked into the fearful cavern, and I leaned unconsciously on the shoulder of the lad: that too was natural."

"Julia, may I believe you? may I?"

"You may, Grubenthal; for I can give you, as I said, the most incontestable proofs of the truth of what I say, I will not leave you till you shall hear the whole confirmed by the lad himself; by my aunt, and my friend Clara, who will tell you the occasion of my coming hither. You shall see, likewise, the picture of the unhappy but innocent woman who was thrown down this precipice by her jealous husband. You shall, if you please, read her affecting history; and then you may visit the ruins as I did, and find them interesting and instructive. To conclude: I will affirm with the most solemn oath, that during the whole of this excursion my thoughts were employed on no other objects than Idda of Tokenburg and yourself. Now let us go. You shall be convinced."

"Oh, Julia! I am already convinced. Do not look so serious, Julia; but forgive me my foolish suspicion. I know your goodness, dearest Julia.

"Yes, I will forgive you; but only on one condition."

"Any condition, Julia; only name it, and on my honor, I will consent."

"I forgive you, then, on condition that you no more make any pretension to my heart or my hand."

Julia spoke with so much firmness that Grubenthal was much alarmed. He, however, flattered himself that it was only a transient fit of anger, and that by professions of humility and repentance he should be able to appease and reconcile her. But in this he was mistaken. Julia continued inflexibly firm in her resolution, though Grubenthal entreated with tears in his eyes, and though her heart pleaded strongly in his favor. She entirely broke off all her connexion with him, and, that she might not see him, remained in the convent with her aunt till he had left that part of the country. To do this cost her eyes many tears, and heart many sighs; but she continued firm in her resolution.

INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENTATION,

OVER HER LOVER WHO WAS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

AH me, he's dead!—he not hear
Zanka's voice, nor see her tear!
Cold his hand—O cold that breast,
Where me oft he warmly prest!

Cruel lightning! don't me spare—
Zanka her love's grave would share!
How, to make his Zanka fine,
He would seek for shells that shine!

Round my neck, how fond was I
Shells to wear to please his eye!
Cruel lightning!—Lover slain;
Zanka ne'er dress fine again.

To his Zanka, hunting tale
He wou'd tell, o'er hill and vale;
On the game we richly feast,
Then both retire sweet to rest:

Cruel lightning!—all is o'er—
Zanka now can sleep no more!

M. H.

THE IRISH GHOST.

[BY OLD NICK.]

IN days of yore, but since the flood,
Whilst Teague in bed was snoaring,
A Spectre 'fore him ghastly stood,
And 'woke him with its roaring.

No nose it had, nor ev'n an eye,
Nor mouth to eat its bread;
And would you know the reason why,
Alas! it had no head.

With horrid gape Teague view'd the Sprite,
Then cried "Ah! now be speaking,
And aise me from my sad affright,
And tell me if I'm waking."

"Arrah, my dear," the Shade replied,
"I cannot spake, you know;
"But I'm thy father's ghost who died,
"Beheaded, Lord knows how!"

"Mock, poor Ghost!" the son exclaim'd,
"No wonder thou'rt not frisky,
"For he most surely must be
"Who cannot drink whiskey."

"Ah, honey true!" the Sprite resum'd,
"Therefore I laive the dead;
"And that I may'nt to H—be doom'd.
"I'm looking for my head!"

M. L.

TO ELVIRA.

WHEN thou, fair one, art far away,
What joy remains for me?
What beauty can my eye survey,
That gaze no more on thee?

But let not frantic love repine,
Nor mourn the absent fair;
Whatever bounds my steps confine,
Elvira too is there:

W. C.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BARROWBY.

AT the time of the great contested election for Representatives of the city and liberty of Westminster, 1749, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were Candidates, the late Dr. Barrowby greatly interested himself in favor of the latter, who was put up to oppose the Court party. At this period he had, for some weeks, attended the no'ed Joe Weatherby, master of Ben Johnson's Head, in Russel street, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachments had frequently expressed her uneasiness that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants, "Hey-day! What's the cause of this?" exclaimed Barrowby. "Why would you get out of bed without my direction?—"Dear Doctor," says poor Joe, in broken accents, "I am going to pool,"—"To pool!" replied the Doctor, with some warmth (supposing he was of the same opinion with his fair rib,) "going to the Devil you mean! Why, do you know, that the cold air may destroy you? Get to bed, man get to bed, man, get to bed as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue." "Oh! if that is the case, Sir," returns the patient, in a feeble voice "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent-Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput."—"How, Joe! for Sir George!" "Yes, Sir, I wish him heartily well." "Do you?" says the medical politician, "Hold nurse, don't pull off his stockings again. Let me feel his pulse. Hey! very well, a good firm stroke. Egad, this will do. You took the pills I ordered last night!"—"Yes, Doctor; but they made me very sick." "Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep, nurse?" "Oh, charmingly, Sir." "Did he? Well, if his mind be uneasy about this election, he must be indulged. Diseases of the mind greatly affect those of the body, come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket about him. It is a fine day, but the sooner he goes the better; the sun will be down very early. Here, here, lift him up. Egad! a ride will do him good. He shall go with me to the hustings in my charriot." The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried off in the charriot to the place of pool, where he gave his voice according to his conscience, amidst the acclamations of the people; and, two hours after his physical friend left him at his own house, absolutely departed this life, and the Doctor was loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court-party.

TRIFLES.

AN agreeable man, and of a merry disposition, but very poor, finding, one night, some thieves in his house, told them, without putting himself in a passion, I cannot imagine what you expect to find in my house in the night, since I can find nothing in it myself in the day.

FASHIONS never die; they only go to sleep to awake again. Have you a pair of your great-great-great grand-mother's ear-rings? Wear them, they are all the rage at Paris.

GENEROSITY OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young Lieutenant of the Marines was so unhappy as to loose both his legs by a chain shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honorable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half pay. The honorable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition.—Major Mason had the poor Lieutenant conducted to the Court on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the Guard-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out as the King was passing to the Drawing-room, "Behold, great Sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you; he has lost both in your service. The King, struck no less by the singularity of his address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. "half pay," replied the Lieutenant, "and please your Majesty, "Fye, fye, out," said the King, shaking his head, "but let me see you again next Levee-day." The Lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of Royalty, five hundred pounds smart money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly so long as he lived.

THE PHYSICIAN.

A very skilful but covetous physician, coming to visit Lahorash, the philosopher when he was in a fair way of recovery, found him eating a ragout, "What are you doing?" said he; such food is poison even for the best constitutions."

Lahorash answered, "I acknowledge what you say to be true; I was to blame, and for the future will refrain from indulging my appetite; But what do I owe you for your attendance during my illness?"

The physician demanded a very considerable sum.

"Your fees," said the philosopher, paying him, "are too exorbitant for your patients. Endeavor to remove the disease under which you yourself labor; believe me it is as serious as mine. Riches are to the mind, what ragouts are to the body.

THE SAGE.

"Thou," said Mirvan to the renowned philosopher, Tahika, "who knowest all things, tell me, I pray, what shall I do to attain wisdom?

"You see," answered the philosopher, "yon blind man; how he walks amidst the crowd with the help of his staff; he maketh sure of nothing till he hath touched it; you see him; why ask you then what you ought to do? You have the example before your eyes.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1804.

Forty-six Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 10th instant.

Births in this city, for the month of October, 1804—Males, 157—Females, 130—Total 287.

The number of *Deaths* during the same period was—Men, 60—Boys, 59—Women, 53 Girls, 38—Total, 208. Excess of Births, 79.

The body of capt. Lovell, butcher, was taken out of the Newmarket slip, on Monday morning last. From the bruises found upon him, and from his having no property about him, it is conjectured he must have been robbed and murdered on Saturday evening last, from which time (we are informed) he was missing.

Mr. Cooper, the celebrated Comedian, came passenger in the Oliver Elsworth.

PHILADELPHIA, October 13.

Capt. Gibson of the Pilgrim, it appears was ordered to be shot; but some delay taking place in the execution of this brutal mandate afforded an opportunity for his friends to interfere, by which means his life was preserved.

We are further told, that when capt. Gibson of the Pilgrim, was ordered out at the place of execution, a capt. Smyth, of New-York, resolutely stepped forward and remonstrated to the commanding officer; on which the black officer ordered one of his soldiers to run capt. Smyth thro' with his bayonet, on which capt. Smyth fled and the soldier pursued but soon after returned and informed that capt. S. had escaped; on which the officer sternly said, your head shall pay for it, the next time you obey my orders in that way.

WORCHESTER, October 24.

We hear from Connecticut, that on Saturday the 15th ult. a dispute arose between Dr. Weaver and a Mr. Starr, at the house of the latter. Mr. Starr it is said, ordered the Doctor out of the house, but he not going, Starr attempted to push him out, when Starr received a blow from the Doctor, which immediately terminated his existence. The Doctor we learn has been committed.

STODDARD, October 12.

Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, aged 53, wife of Deac. Abraham Adams, was found hanging by a skein of yarn on one of the pins of a loom in an out house.—The verdict of the Jury, *insanity*.—Mrs. Adams (who has left 7 children to lament her shocking exit) discovered symptoms of a disordered imagination eight or ten weeks ago; but until within six weeks, had been to appearance perfectly free. Since which time, although Mr. Adams was possessed of a handsome interest, she imagined the family were coming to want, and must inevitably perish before the ensuing spring. She was highly respected by her neighbors and acquaintances.

HARTFORD, (con.) October 18.

On the night of the 4th ult. the dwelling-house of Mr. Isaac Felich, of Wilton, New-Hampshire, took fire and was consumed, with all the household furniture; six of his children perished in the flames, five sons and one daughter; the oldest about 13, and the youngest about two years and a half old.

LONDON, June 15.

As a gentleman on horseback was riding along Providence-row, towards the country, his horse suddenly took fright, owing to the keeper of a turnpike gate attempting to seize the reins upon the gentleman refusing to take some bad halfpence offered in change, and running off with great speed, made towards Finsbury-square. The gentleman finding the horse unmanageable, he suddenly threw himself off without receiving any injury. The horse immediately after leaping into the area, at the corner of the square, carrying the iron railing along with him, where he was dashed to pieces.

COURT OF HYMEN.

NO jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted be their wedded days with strife!
Each season took delightful as the past,
To the fond Husband and the wedded Wife.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. *Henry Peacock*, to Miss *Elizabeth Mitchell*, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. *Patrick Patton*, to Miss *Sally Edwards*, both of this city.

On Sunday evening the 28th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. *Henry Fountain*, to Miss *Margaret Miller*, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. *Ebenezer Stevenson*, to Miss *Eliza Ludlow*, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Williams, Mr. *Obadiah Sands*, of this city, to Miss *Susan Bussing*, of Hearlem.

On Thursday evening last, at Flatbush, by the Rev. Mr. Low, Mr. *John Wilson*, of Brooklyn, to Miss *Alice Truce*, of this city.

MORTALITY.

O DEATH! how sudden was thy visit paid!
No time allow'd to take a last adieu!
This hour in health, the next a corpse was laid,
Torn from the world,—our friends no more to view.

DIED,

Last week, of a lingering illness which she bore with fortitude and resignation, Miss ANN DUDGE, Æ 20 years and 4 months. Her exemplary virtues, her agreeable manners, and her christian piety in her last illness, make her loss deeply regretted. Cut down in the prime of life, it reminds us of the frailty of human existence, and warns us to improve our time.

On the 9th inst. of a nervous fever, after an illness of eight days, Mr. JAMES VAN ANTWERP, of the house of Voorhes & Van Antwerp, merchants, of this city.

Of a nervous fever, much regretted by all who knew him, Mr. THOMAS SMITH, of this city, Merchant Taylor.

THEATRE.

Mr. COOPER having made an arrangement with the Manager for twelve nights, (after which he positively leaves New-York) will perform for the first time after his return from Europe, on Monday the part of

MACBETH.

HUTCHINGS IMPROVED

ALANACK:

FOR THE YEAR 1805: FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

Also, a large assortment of
BLANKS *and* BLANK BOOKS.

Wants a place as a wet nurse; a woman with a good breast of Milk. Apply to No. 48 Little Chapple-street. November 16, 1804. 8w tf

COURT OF APOLLO.

SIR PEPPERCORN.

GAFFER Grift, Gaffer's Son, and his little Jack-ass,
Trotting along the road,
Through a gossiping straggling village must pass,
Before they could reach their abode.

Master Johnny rode Jacky, which old Gaffer led,
The villagers thought the boy monstrous ill-bred,
So they made honest Gaffer get up in his stead,
Trotting along the road.

They didn,t go far, ere they heard people talk,
Trotting along the road,
As how it was stupid for either to walk,
Before they could reach their abode.

So they both rode, when, proud of his horse and his pelf,
A farmer cries "down! would you kill the poor elf,
If you was an ass, would you like it yourself?"
Trotting along the road.

Next they carried the Jack-ass, who never said nay,
Trotting along the road,
But all changes endur'd, like the Vicar of Bray,
Before he would quit his aboue.

Yet e'en this wou'dn't please every ill natur'd tyke,
And therefore this moral must forcibly strike,
We should manage our Jack-asses just as we like
While trotting along the road

ANECDOTE.

An Hibernian gentleman speaking of one of his countrymen, an imported patriot, observed, that he was a very lucky fellow in leaving sweet Ireland just as he did, for had he "lived there till this time, he would have been hung a year ago"!

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never soils. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 136 William-Street, and by G. Camp No. 149 Pearl-Street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 17.

J. GREENWOOD,

Dentist to the late President G. Washington.

INFORMS the public that he continues to perform every operation incident to the TEETH & GUMS, from the fixing in of a single tooth to a complete set.

J. G. flatters himself that his long experience in the Art enables him to fix in Artificial teeth as firm and as natural in appearance as it is possible for them to be done he has not been exceeded as yet in the line of his profession, and he could with propriety say more, but "words are but wind"..."Experience is the Touch Stone."

N.B. J. G. may be consulted on all complaints of the Teeth and Gums, and advice Given Gratis free from expence at his house No. 19 opposite the Park four doors from the Theatre, towards St. Paul's Church.

Oct. 25, 1804. 824 1m.

MORALIST.

A contented temper is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the most material requisites to the proper discharge of the duties of every station. For a fretfull and discontented temper renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankfull and impious towards God; and towards men provoking and unjust. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole constitution with delicase and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity, and you will take the most effectual method of eradicating this distemper. You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part the blessings which Providence is pleased to bestow, and the degree of favour which your fellowt creatures are disposed to grant you.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. PARISEN respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he has returned from the country, and will continue for the winter season at No. 252 William Street, Those that wish to have real likenesses finely painted on reasonable terms please to apply at the above number where specimens of his painting may be seen.

N. B. Hair devices of all kinds handsomely executed, likewise fancy and historical pieces painted on silk for Ladies needle work.

November 2nd, 1804. 826t.

FRENCH STORE.
No. 253 BROAD-WAY,
OPPOSITE THE NEW-CITY-HALL.

F. Dubois, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William-Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery, Jewellery, and fancy articles, viz. fine Pomatum plain and scented Powder, Perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented Soaps and Wash-Balls, Milk of Roses, Indin Wool, Tablets, Face and Pearl Powder, Antique Oil, sweet scented Peas, burning Pastils to perfume apartments, the celebrated Chevalier Rospinic's Dentrifice, the Dams ask Lip Salve, Tortoise shell, ivory, horn, and lead Combs, Scissors, Pen-knives, Razors, and Razor Strops, dressing Boxes, Artificial flowers and Plumes, Elastic and Queene Garters, Smelling Bottles, Pinching and Curling tongues, Gold Pearl and Paste Earings, Ladies and Gentlemen's Suspenders, Trusses, and all kinds of ornamental Hair for Ladies head dresses. The Jessamin and Violet Oil for thickening preserving and restoring the hair, the Circassian Liquin that gives in a few minutes a jet black color to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps as usual his Intelligence Office where are to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow of Good Character.

Oct 27, 1804. 824 tf.

FANCY BASKETS AND WOODEN WARE,

JAMES THORBURN, No. 26 MAIDEN-LANE,
CORNER OF GREEN STREET,

Returns grateful thanks to his friends and the public for their past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business he will continue to experience their patronage. He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the ship Magnet and other arrivals from Amsterdam a very handsome assortment of

FANCY BASKETS &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets of different sizes, handsome Toilet Baskets, Wine-glass Baskets, round and oval large and small Trunk Baskets, large and small Market Baskets ladies fine knitting do. different sizes, childrens do. different kinds, Courtle Boxes, Counter Baskets, Tumbler Baskets different sizes, Cake Baskets every handsome, &c. &c.

East India and Holland Table Mats, together with a large assortment of Tubs, iron and wooden bound, Pails, iron, brass, and wooden bound, Coolers, swaged, plain and painted, brass and iron bound; also, Lignumvitæ, Pestles, Mortars, and Rolling Pins &c. common Baskets different kinds.

Oct. 13 1804. 822 tf.

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose,) No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel.

SMITH's improved chimical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the Skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sun-burns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving,---with printed directions,---6s. 8s, and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grese, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey: 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.--do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s 6d.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s. per pot, or roll, double 2s.

His white Almond Wash-Ball, , 2s. & 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor 2s. and 3s. do. Vegetable

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. and 4s. per box.

His fine cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable.

Smith's favoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's chimical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Effences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking.----Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s. lb

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chimical principles to help the operation of Shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box,

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strop, Shaving boxes, Dressing cases, Pen-knives, Scissar Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn-combs, superfine white Starch Smelling-bottles, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh & free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. *** Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

December 6 1803. 805 1y.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instill in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an Evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms. No. 17 Banker-Street.

W. D. LEZELL.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.